

## UMBRELLA TALES.

Grave, Gay and Romantic Stories  
About Rain Protectors.

Ancient and Modern Parachutes  
with Interesting Histories.

Told by "Evening World" Readers  
for a Gold Double Eagle.

CONDITIONS.

Those entering this contest must comply with the following regulations:

Letters must not be more than 200 words long.

They must be written on one side of the paper only.

The writer's name and address must accompany each letter, not for publication, but for identification.

Letters must be addressed to Umbrella Editor, P. O. Box 2, 254.

A gold double eagle will be given for the best story.

Had the Laugh on the Dudes.

To the Editor:

I took my umbrella to meeting with me on a bright sunny morning.

The dudes, with their small canes, were laughing at me.

As they could see to storm-cloud warning, a thunder-storm came on the meeting was done.

And the dudes, with their canes, got a soaking.

While I, with umbrella, pursued my way home.

And enjoyed the damp turn to their joking.

PRECAUTION.

Their Costly Wedding Present.

To the Editor:

When my wife and I were married her Uncle Gus gave her \$10, and we bought an oxidized-silver-handled umbrella with it.

We carried it on our wedding trip, and in Boston I caught it between the bricks of one of the sidewalks and broke off the ferrule. In Concord, where we went to see Emerson's old home, my wife broke the stick while trying to knock some apples off a tree.

When the new stick was put in the silver handle wasn't fastened on tight, and after many frantic but successful searches for the ferrule, it was dropped off every time we touched it, there came a day when we lost it for good.

We were on our way to Albany then, and in Albany I bought another silver handle.

We drove from Albany to Saratoga in an open carriage, and in a very high wind-storm the blessed umbrella turned inside out, and before we could turn it back it caught in some branches of a tree and the stick was split in several places. So when we reached Saratoga I had new stick added, which made that wedding present cost: Original umbrella, \$10; new ferrule, 35 cents; new stick, \$2.50; covering, \$2.50. Total, \$20.35. But Uncle Gus gave us the ribs!

B. C. H.

His Idea of Square.

To the Editor:

Speaking of losing umbrellas reminds me of an incident which occurred in my place. A few days before New Year's a young man came in and asked for a silk umbrella.

The first one he looked at he laid down, saying, "I want something better. Wait it bang up." Then he looked at the next, and he said, "That would do, asked the price, paid for it and went out. Several days later he again entered and said he wanted a cheap, but commodious umbrella.

After purchasing one I asked him how he liked the silk one. He then told me that while making calls he let it in a rack and when he came out it was gone, an old one being left in its place. Then he explained why he bought the cotton one by saying that he was going to get square on some one for his loss. I asked him what he meant—if he knew who had his umbrella? He said, "Oh, no; that makes no difference. I asked him how he would get square. He said, "I will place this one alongside of the first silk umbrella I find and take it."

J. A. G.

An Umbrella Staved His Life.

To the Editor:

When I was a boy my favorite nook was between two limbs of an old cherry tree on our farm. I had constructed a bench here to write on, and a shelf to hold books and a boy's heterogeneous belongings. My father gave me an old umbrella, which I fastened over this summer resort to protect it from the rain.

One day I was going to school and old but came tearing down the road straight towards me. I neither saw nor heard him until escape seemed impossible.

Paralyzed with fear I reeled against a tree, accidentally to my right. The brute lowered its head to toss me on its horns. I closed my eyes and, in my despair, pressed against the tree, as if it had power to save me from death—and it had.

At that moment my umbrella came floating down and alighted on the bear's head, with the handle between his horns. I needed no invitation to run; the brute needed time to free itself; I needed very little.

If ever a boy made good time to school I did that morning.

REUB. LAMB.

Introduced Him to Happiness.

To the Editor:

I am an old man now; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my hair is as white as snow; my form bent and my step feeble. I walk with a staff and carry an old and faded umbrella under my arm. That umbrella I shall ever carry and it shall be placed in my grave.

One rainy evening, fifty years ago, I turned a corner, and almost ran into a

neat little lady in light clothing drenched with the falling rain.

"Night I offer my umbrella," I asked.

Without hesitation she rushed under its shelter, and with a bright smile said:

"I will walk with you. How far?"

"Half a mile."

And I found myself walking beside a strange woman, but her face, her eyes, her usual thrill in my heart; the bright eyes fascinated me, and the sweet voice was like music. I lingered long that night. I called a score of times in three months she was my bride.

Half a century has passed; our boys and girls have grown and gone away; she sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and I still cling to the old umbrella and its blessed memories until I join her in a brighter world.

E. J. B.

It Was Better than a Gun.

To the Editor:

In the top garret of my home, an old farm-house, lie the remains of an article that once stood me in good service; in fact, saved my life.

I was a boy of nine and attended the district school, which I could reach easily inside of fifteen minutes by going across lots. It happened one morning to be stormy. I started for school having with me the family umbrella.

I thought it was, rote-gates, clambered over stiles heedless of my surroundings, humming or whistling to my fancy. Suddenly hearing a tremendous noise behind me I turned and nearly fell from fright when I saw Farmer Billing's bull charging for me.

In my headless panic I had failed to notice the bull's intention to charge. On through which I was passing. The monster, with bulging eyes and snorting breath, was right upon me. I had fifty yards to traverse in order to reach my school. Exhausted, I stumbled, dropping upon my knees, but with the same manly right about face, and I saw that the tail had lost its elevation, thanks to an umbrella.

GEORGE GERBINO.

An Umbrella Won His Suit.

To the Editor:

To an umbrella I owe my wife. She was the belle of the county, and all the young men were in love with her. She was a little of a flirt and kept all of our hearts palpitating, but I was determined to win her; and after awhile discovered I had only one rival to dread seriously.

But do what I would I could make no sense of a tree. When the new stick was put in the silver handle wasn't fastened on tight, and after many frantic but successful searches for the ferrule, it was dropped off every time we touched it, there came a day when we lost it for good.

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## AUTUMN IN THE THEATRES.

No "Monkeyin'" in Preparing  
for John L. Sullivan's Debut.

Point of a To-Be-Famous Gag  
Turned Upon Its Author.

John L. Sullivan, rehearsing at Niblo's, although he has joined the profession renowned by Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, has not yet begun to mingle with the theatre. He does not frequent the Rialto, though his name is now heard there very frequently. A comedian was wanted for Mr. Sullivan's company a day or two ago.

H. B. Bradley, a clever comedian, formerly Miss Lotta's leading man, while walking on Broadway met a dramatic agent who told him of the expugnant's need, and advised him to go to Niblo's and apply for the position. He went there and asked for Mr. Sullivan. But the great man, now more exclusive than Booth himself, was not visible. Mr. Bradley's story of his reception by Mr. Sullivan's factotum was very funny—as he told it.

"I represent Mr. Sullivan," remarked the individual airy. He was small, thin, light haired.

Mr. Bradley explained his presence there, and the young fellow listened. It was all apparently Greek to him.

"We'd 'a' taken you, if y'd 'e come a bit sooner," he said at last, rubbing an ear reflectively. "We wanted somebody at once, and we took the first. Y' see we ain't a-doin' any monkeyin', or we'd have engaged you. Sorry, sir—very sorry, but we hadn't the time to monkey. No, sir. Good morning."

And Mr. Bradley, sorrowfully wondering what connection there was between himself and "monkeyin'," took his departure. By the time he reached Broadway he was in fits of laughter.

"Miss Fanny Davenport is negotiating with Mrs. Potter's American representative, Sydney Bowkett, for some of the effects used by Mrs. Potter in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' All those vast scenic apparatus, which Mrs. Potter brought from Henry Abbey, are now in storage in Twenty-fifth street, somewhere near the North River.

Frank G. Cotter has been engaged by Arthur W. Chase, who is now recruiting in Caribbea, as business manager of Miss Mary's new play, 'The Seven Years' War,' in Montreal, Sept. 8. Mr. Cotter has a great deal of experience and popularity.

According to some very modest censors, "Rapid Transit," by H. Wayne Ellis, is the "premier farce-comedy of the age." ("Premier is good.") It will take the road in a treatment, in September, and a very good company has been engaged. The organization will include Arthur Ricketts, Fred Mendoza, Alr McDowell, Tony D'Amico, Steve Maley, Will J. Mack, James Griffin, Miss Carrie Tatum, the Peltzer sisters, Marion Elmore and Totty Graham, the last being a new addition to the company.

Joe Campbell, who has been playing in the second-class cabin and also in the staterooms, is the same seductive "smoking-room" and bar. Villains of a lower order conduct precisely the same kind of robbing in these.

After the second day out, at any time of day or evening, every imaginable device for swindling is resorted to.

There are, perhaps, four remedies for this shameful state of things.

The companies' officials could at any moment order the plucking of the rascals, one of their vessels. The press of the United States could in three months' time compel the abolition of the growing evil.

"Ships' officers could at will reduce the insulting offensiveness of it all to decent passengers by the plucking of the rascals in private suites, the character of whose occupants should be made known to the public.

And if 10 per cent. of all those to which gambling in any form is abhorrent should refuse to take passage on liners whereon it is universally known to be allowed, or make a condition of such patronage that it should be rigorously prohibited in all cabins and smoking-rooms, as well as in the nefarious business would come at once.

As the matter stands, ocean gambling and swindling are the most profitable and enormity the darkest chapters and epochs of piracy ever known upon the high seas.

There is a "gag" to be used in E. E. Rice's "World Fair," which ought to be a good one, according to Sam Harrison, its realism has already proved striking. "The gag" is about the middle of September, and it is to be used upon the posters and bills. Last week Mr. Harrison sent copies for six different posters to Philadelphia, to be printed in time to go out last Saturday. Five out of the six had the "gag" line upon the top of the copy.

Harmon went to Philadelphia Saturday to see the printing put upon the boards. At the printing-office he found that the posters had been printed; the other five were untouched. He was furious, indignant, tempestuous. In fact his language couldn't be mentioned here. The printer calmly remarked: "I obeyed written instructions, and you can't go back upon them." He pointed to the top line. "Don't do anything till you hear from me."

"W. J. Carleton, of the Carleton Opera Company, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Carleton says for this season he will have the road rights of 'Poor Jonathan,' a comic opera, the New York rights of

which have been secured by the Casino.

At the Academy all is activity. On Saturday night the Hamilton-Volter and Martinetti English Fantomine and Novel Combine (good name) will begin an engagement at that house. This organization includes Paul Martinetti, Alfred Martinetti, Josephine and Clara Martinetti, John Haged, J. W. Craig, Charles Switzer, Henry Carlo, Antonio Revello, Walker and John Haged.

Volters, five in number, the Wortentwurf family of eight, the Brothers Hultine, the Montagne Troupe, Steib and Tripp and Gus Gebhart.

There are to be two stages in Huber's Palace Museum on Fourteenth street. Over the shop, under which the introduction of the "rears" will take place, and the other in the theatre, to be devoted to hourly performances. Manager Huber says that the opening of his popular resort, next Monday will reveal many surprises.

GAMBLING ON BOARD SHIP.

Many Victims Fleeced Between New York and Liverpool.

There is no recorded passage between Liverpool and New York of any steamship upon which one or more men have not been robbed at cards, writes Edgar L. Wakeman in the August (21) Chronicle.

Every effort is made by ship's officers and agents to suppress not the robberies themselves, but public information concerning them.

Not content with the plunder of ordinary card sharks and sweat cloth dealers in the smoking-rooms of the cabins, the most gorgeous suites of staterooms are engaged by publicly known swindlers for extra hazardous and profitable work.

They secure access to advance passengers, select their victims, attend to every little detail of information regarding their quarry with the nicest calculation, and with what practically amounts to connivance by the ship's officers, have their men in hand by the time he steps aboard the ship.

They even know how much ready money he has with him; the amount of his bills of exchange, in what form they are and on what banking houses they are drawn.

By some inexplicable mischance he is not well done for aboard ship, the confederates are ready to accompany the wealthy traveler to London, Paris, Berlin or to Algiers.

In addition to the interest attaching to the usual events, the single gig race, one mile, for Captains' men, will undoubtedly be a feature of the season. The men who have already commenced training for the event.

Capt. Van, by the way, is exceedingly pleased with the experiment inaugurated by him at the Middle States and National regattas, of brooding a coterie of the popular of New York light-weight and McManus one of Boston's clever pugilists. There is \$250 a side up in addition to the purse.

The tickets for the Billy Dacey-Tom McManus match will cost \$10. There is considerable scrambling going on to secure them, as Dacey is one of the most popular of New York light-weight and McManus one of Boston's clever pugilists. There is \$250 a side up in addition to the purse.

Bill Murray, the well-known 110-pound pugilist of this city, will certainly give Jack Brady, the Michigan light-weight, a good "go" when the two meet. An athletic club in this vicinity will guarantee a good purse to referee the affair conducted within the limits of the men who meet at catch weights. Brady being some ten pounds heavier than Murray.

The New York Bicycle Club will hold its annual race Sept. 15. It is a handicap affair.

The races in the regatta of the Atlantic Boat Club will be run promptly at 1 P. M. They take place Saturday.

There will be considerable interest to ascertain Jack Dempsey's views regarding the proposed fight between La Blanche, the Marine, is reported to be desiring. La Blanche wishes to meet Dempsey, so it is said, next year. This time Dempsey will not agree to pillow for gloves, it is said to assume.

The Atlanta, and perhaps several other prominent boat clubs about New York City, will be well represented in the regatta of the New England Rowing Association, which will be held on the Charles River Sept. 1. The Atlanta has many a good oarsman besides the men composing their champion eight.

The Friendship Boat Club is training a four-oared shell crew which it relies upon to bring it honor in the forthcoming New England regatta. The four men composing the crew are all experienced in handling the sweep.

The American Athletic Club has completed all its arrangements for its big games on Saturday. The events are all filled by prominent athletes and some excitement is expected. The four men composing the crew are all experienced in handling the sweep.

Its Origin.

Jones had invited a friend to dinner and asked him to expect him at seven o'clock before him. His guest set to work with a good will, but after a deal of muscular exercise was compelled to acknowledge himself fatigued.

"Where in the name of leather did you get that bird?"

"I was invited the host, 'unless it should prove to be the offering of some hard-boiled egg.'"

Quick at Repartee.

Citizen—"A gift blindeth the eye."

President—"But not the eye to business."

Encouragement for the People.

So long as the falling numbers of vitality are capable of being re-kindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and enervated mind. Let him see, therefore, despond, his desire encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in restoring the dissipated powers of a broken-down vitality, and one that is simple, unobtrusive, harmless, and entirely safe.

It is daily proving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, increasing vigour in each other, and color, are being attended upon the reparative process which this precious invigorator speedily initiates and carries to a consummation of complete health.

It is not only a restorative, but a powerful agent in restoring the dissipated powers of a broken-down vitality, and one that is simple, unobtrusive, harmless, and entirely safe.

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## SPORTS IN FIELD AND AFLOAT.

The Champion Atlanta Eight  
Disband for the Season.

Tickets for the Dacey-McManus  
Match in Great Demand.

The Staten Island Athletic Club has ten days left in which to prepare for its great Labor Day athletic divertimento.

The first events to be settled will be the trials of the lawn-tennis tournament, single and double. The preliminaries will be played Aug. 28, singles; and Aug. 30, doubles, commencing at 2.30 P. M. The finals begin at 10.30 A. M. on Labor Day, Sept. 1.

Two of the chief events in which interest centres will be the junior and senior eight-oared shell races, which will be rowed between 11 A. M. and 6 P. M., as tide and wind allow.

Athletic games will start at 11 A. M. The lacrosse contest between the Druids, of Baltimore, and the Staten Islands commences at 1.30 P. M.; two half hours' play, with fifteen minutes' intermission. The basketball contest between the Staten Island Athletics and the Cape May Club will begin at 4 P. M.; National League rules to govern.

The pouty racing commences at 5.30 P. M. The evening will be devoted to fireworks and dress parade and fancy drill by the Charleston Blues. Fred W. Janssen, 241 Broadway, has charge of the carnival.

Capt. Van Haden says that the champion Atlanta crew will not row again this season as an eight, and that they have disbanded. Therefore, all challenges will be disregarded until next year. This effectively disposes of the Bradford's vapors about another race this Fall.

The annual Fall regatta, ladies' day, of the Atlanta Boat Club, will be held on the Hudson river, and the expense will be spared by the Club to make this occasion the most notable of the kind ever celebrated by the Atlantians.

In addition to the interest attaching to the usual events, the single gig race, one mile, for Captains' men, will undoubtedly be a feature of the season. The men who have already commenced training for the event.

Capt. Van, by the way, is exceedingly pleased with the experiment inaugurated by him at the Middle States and National regattas, of brooding a coterie of the popular of New York light-weight and McManus one of Boston's clever pugilists. There is \$250 a side up in addition to the purse.

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